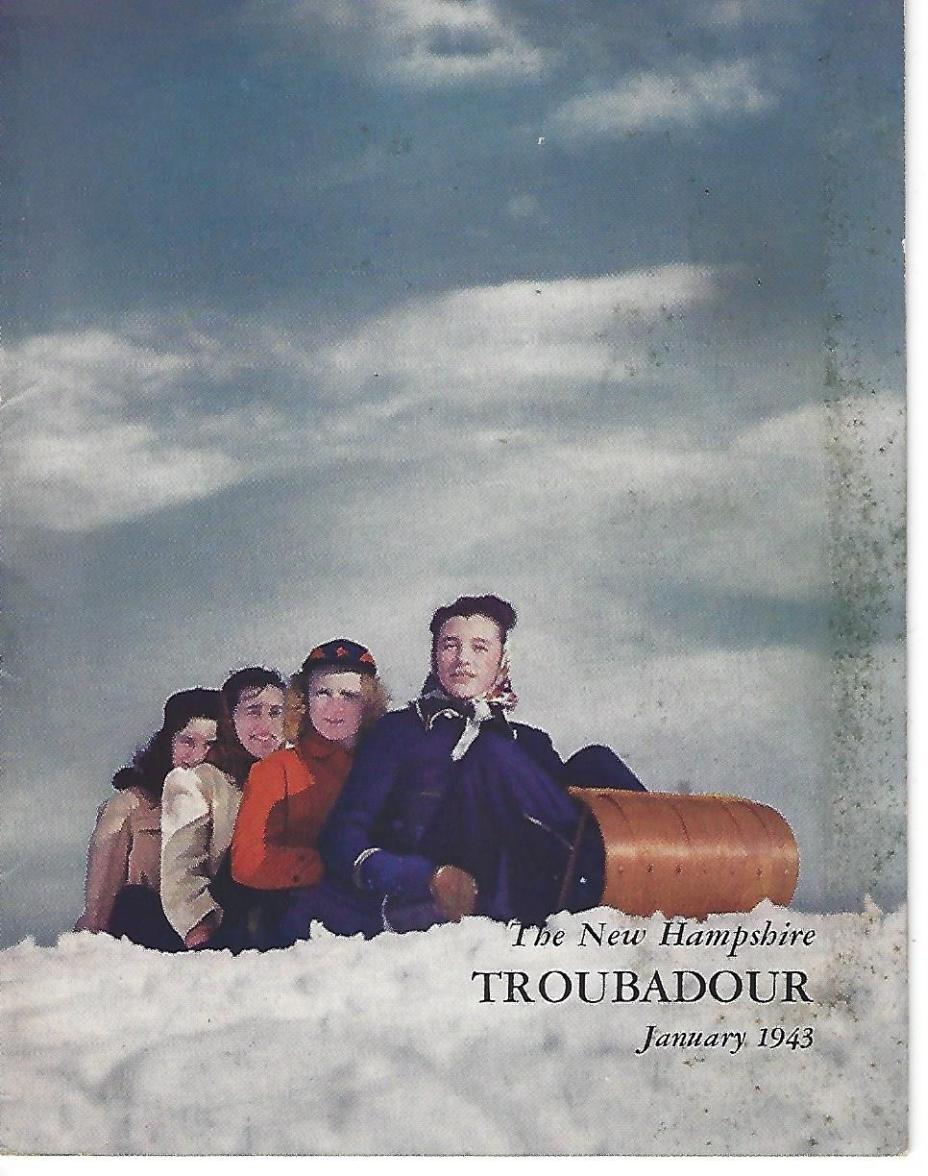

The New Hampshire

TROUBADOUR

January 1943

HARRISON FISK

Mt. Chocorua from Sandwich.

The New Hampshire Troubadour

COMES TO YOU EVERY MONTH SINGING THE PRAISES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, A STATE WHOSE BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITIES SHOULD TEMPT YOU TO COME AND SHARE THOSE GOOD THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE HERE SO DELIGHTFUL. IT IS SENT TO YOU BY THE STATE PLANNING AND DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. SUBSCRIPTION: 50 CENTS A YEAR

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

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LOOK BEFORE YOU PEEP

by Leonard R. Hubbard

HE IS TALL and slim, with honest gray eyes that look at you man-to-man. He was raised up Grafton way, where the old mines are now coming to life again. It used to be pretty wild in those parts, and it still is. Wildcats were seen most as often as house cats when he was a boy, but the incident I'm telling you about happened only this Spring.

He was taking a short cut to see a neighbor who lived a couple of miles away — they had some sort of a dicker in mind about a tractor, I guess. The old road wasn't passable for even a horse and team, for snowdrifts lay on the ground. He walked deliberately along, enjoying the crisp morning fragrance. The fine rifle that he carried was taken along mostly for fun. Well, mister, he certainly had it.

As he drew near the old farmhouse that had stood abandoned for some years close to a thick stand of pines, he felt a boyish urge

NOEL T. WELLMAN

Ellis River above Lost Pond.

to put his head in the empty window frame and holler "Yahoo!", just to hear the echo.

He put his head in all right, sir, but he got a big surprise, too. Furry animals streamed out past him on both sides. He didn't get as far as the "Yahoo." There had been a litter of wildcats inside the house right under that window sill!

He told me he would have liked to observe those wildcats a little bit before they had been disturbed, and naturally, the bounty on them would have been mighty welcome if he had had a chance to use his gun.

No one loves abandoned New Hampshire houses any more than I, but as for me, I shall always knock on the door before I try out the echoes.

SHOULD SINNERS BE EXHORTED?

From History of Weare by William Little

THE CHURCH loved to debate, as we have said, and generally they settled questions harmoniously. They could discuss such subjects as the existence of a personal God, immortality, and "whether or not hell was paved with the skulls of infants, not a span long," as their ministers preached, without a ruffle of temper. But there was one subject on which they took ground so sharply that they lost their good nature, and neither party would yield.

One side, or the party of the first principle, held that ministers ought to exhort sinners and unbelievers to repent, turn to God and come to Christ.

The other side, or the party of the second principle, held that ministers ought to offer no exhortations to unbelievers, as such, but preach the law of God to them to show them their guilt, and then leave them to God.

They got so fierce over this simple matter of to exhort or not to exhort that "they split and held meetings seaparate." To fix it up they sent to the church at Newton for a committee. Elder Samuel Hovey and John Wodley came. They held a meeting September 18th, heard both sides, threw their moral force on the side of no exhortations to unbelievers, and then the whole church, with the exception of one person, "*professed*" to hold nothing contrary to the second principle; Joshua Corliss said he rather inclined to it but was not fully resolved. At this, Hovey was wroth and beat the drum ecclesiastical over his head and warned them that none keep his opinion hid and pretend to agree when he did not, for it was a sin that God would punish. Then they voted to meet at Jacob Jewell's on the next Lord's day for public worship.

John Worth, the clerk, did not make a record of these proceedings, but the church voted that he should copy into the book, the

HAROLD FOWLER

Horse racing on the ice at Canaan Street Lake, Canaan.

one that Elder Hovey kept. It is probable such bickerings and quarrels grieved his pure spirit.

But they "did not get over their mad" so easily, and when Sunday came those who believed in exhorting sinners did not attend meeting at Jacob Jewell's.

The church wished to know the reasons why they did not, and sent a committee of two to inquire. Hovey had browbeaten them to say they were against exhorting sinners, and they had to invent excuses; and so they raked up and brought in all the troubles and heart-burnings in the church. The reasons they gave are very interesting and they are all written out in their record.

Brother William Hutchins was convicted of promising to Josiah Brown what he did not perform and when Sister Mehitable Bailey, a self-appointed conservator of the morals of the church, reproved him, he plainly told her to mind her own business; and when she reproved him a second time he politely informed her that she was often bringing things against him which she could not prove, "for which three folts the Chh doth Admonish thy sin and set the by hoping god will give you a hart of Repentance."

Two sisters were brought before the church by Sister Mehitable Bailey "for puttin Linnen and wooling yarn together which She thought was not lawful to do." The church found she had not commenced her action right and dismissed it. Sister Bailey acknowledged her fault and thus made her peace. But she could not be long quiet.

Brother Jacob Jewell, the deacon, was accused by her of falsehood, and after a long hearing he was acquitted. Brother Samuel Bailey, her husband, manifested some uneasiness about this decision, and the case was reopened.

Brother Joseph Webster was also charged with the same thing by our good sister, and his case was heard at the same time as Brother Jewell's, and both found innocent. These men were the pillars of the church and must be sustained.

Sister Bailey was then tried for accusing them wrongfully, found guilty, admonished for her sin and was told that the church "cant go no further with her." Sister Bailey as the greater conservator subsided upon this.

In 1692, it was proposed in Portsmouth that "William Wacker should pay for the bell, whom he carlessly crackt. It was voted in the negative, because he was poor. It was voted that the selectmen take care to provide a bell, and as for the hanging of him as they may judge most convenient."

A BREAD-AND-BUTTER LETTER TO NEW HAMPSHIRE

by Lucille Post Frisbee

YESTERDAY, the *Troubadour* came. And it was like the handclasp of an old and very dear friend. I cherish each copy of the booklet and as I read it evenings, all of the grandeur and the loveliness of New Hampshire's Hills are alive again and are singing in my heart.

Fittingly was the *Troubadour* named. It epitomizes the poetry and the beauty and the music that is New Hampshire. It sings the praises of the mountains, of the valleys, the streams, the lakes, and the seashore and the countryside. There is a melody in a brook unbound in April, the sound of snow crunching underfoot, in the exquisite silence of a moonwhited countryside. There is music in a dew-wet morning in summer when the breeze from the mountains comes sweet and fresh and clear. When the sap buckets are hung in the sugar bush and there are pussy willows along the pasture wall and the brown earth is freshly turned, it is like hearing a great symphony in the tympanum of the mind. There is a melody in the tang of woodsmoke, of apples, and bittersweet in the air at harvest time, in the piles of scarlet and gold against grey stone walls. There is music in the little towns asleep under the snow and in the clean cold crispness of the North Country air, the sound of church bells tolling far down the valley is like the sound of a great AMEN. It is all the song of the great outdoors. Nature is wielding the baton and the yearly cycle of the seasons is like great music with new wonder and beauty arising out of every playing.

I only spent one year in New Hampshire and I came away with that "old New Hampshire feeling" . . . the feeling that I've never been anywhere else, never would be, and never wanted to be.

FRANK H. B. SAMNDSON

The A. M. C. Pinkham Notch Camp, as you will note, is now open for winter guests. The ridge of Mt. Wildcat at right.

I feel that I have been so rich in my memories of New Hampshire; for be it summer, winter, autumn, or spring, always the charm of New Hampshire lingers with me long after the experience is past.

Spring comes slowly to the mountains, but it gives full compensation. There is a wondrous song in new life springing up from the soil. The wind is sweet and fresh and so seems living. I have gone up to the North Country from the city on the evening train full of worry and care and what's the use. Ready to scuttle myself! I've gone to bed and awakened refreshed in the early morning hours,

looked out of my window over the dew wet Intervale and lifting my eyes up to the majestic heights of the Presidential Range, I've known — not just thought, but *known* — "All's right with the world."

Seedtime — bloom — and harvest. No one needs to be in New Hampshire in a special season. New Hampshire is all things to all men. New Hampshire seems typical of all that America stands for and all that America is and should be. I have never come up to New Hampshire without an odd warmth and lightness of spirit. There is peace and a beauty and a wonderful contentment that all of the 'culture and advantages' of the city never afford. Life halts its crazy pace and takes on new sanity and poise.

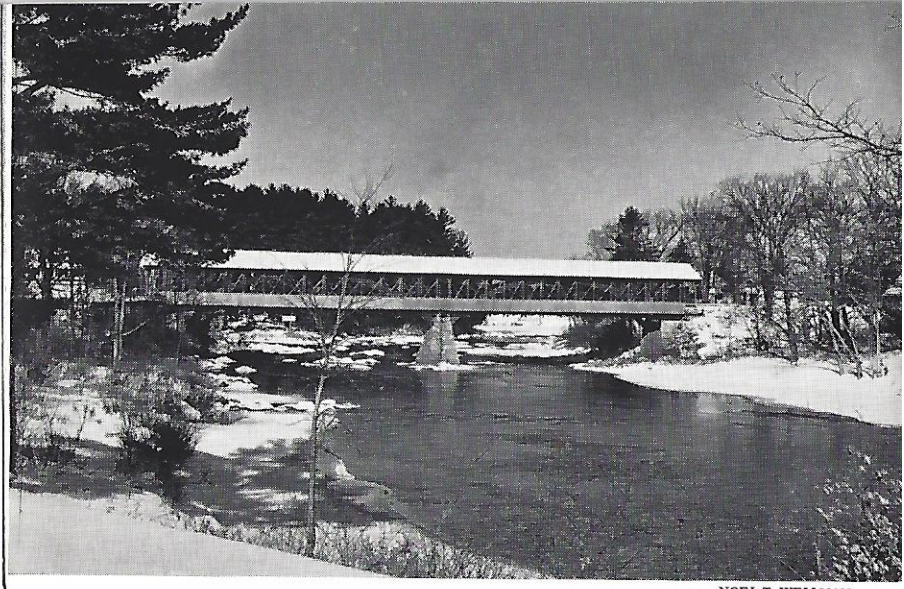
I think it was in an old *Troubadour* that I once read "As long as life shall be, the building of character will remain the most important task for a human being. And for a workshop, I give you New Hampshire."

Somehow all man-made troubles seem pretty trivial when you're high on a hilltop. The world stands still, and you can stand still, and you feel suddenly as though you were sure of things. We who must spend a great part of the year in the city know little of this delightful feeling of security — security of the mind and of the body and of the soul. I think in these troublous times, when the very ideals of a man seem to be severely shaken, that a time spent in New Hampshire, no matter how short the time may of necessity be, is an experience for which he may be forever grateful.

CINDERELLA

by Doris Nelson

SURELY the earth is enchanted, and this is fairyland. The mountains are castles of crystal, and the rolling hills are pillows of down. The contour of each snow-laden twig is etched against white hill or sapphire sky.



NOEL T. WELLMAN

Covered bridge over the Saco River at Conway.

Yesterday, when night fell, New Hampshire was a dingy cinder wench with bowed shoulders and disconsolate face, sitting at the cheerless hearthstone of the dying year. This morning as I look from my windows, she is a princess with diamonds in her hair. The pines have bowed their heads at the sight of her beauty, and the hemlocks have spread their lace-edged skirts to curtsy low before her. The iced bare twigs of every bush tinkle elfish tunes to please her ear. Last night she danced long with her dark prince, the wind, and as she danced her misty mantle of snow stars floated wide across the hills. Now she lies asleep, the ruffles of her gown covering all the land. I pray that no callous mortal may mar too soon the perfection of her snowy robe, lest the spell be broken, and this celestial splendor vanish whence it came.

IS IT NOSTALGIA?

by Philip Cowell Jones

Associate Pastor of The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City

O New Hampshire —

Your time-grained granite bones hold up the sunrise sky, but loan me your friendly little hills, with rocks to lean against, with bending birches by the pasture wall, and cattle nibbling their way home at close of day.

O New Hampshire —

Your mighty rivers tumble pantingly to sea, but give me your gentle unimposing streams, winding through old meadows, alder-framed; your chuckling brooks, puffed up in the spring, but meekly flowing when the summer sun is high; your "rills" they sing of in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

O New Hampshire —

Your ancient, stately mansions on old city streets are impressive and are beautiful, but cheer me with a house quite small beside a winding road, that looks out on a neighbor's home, on woods and fields; with cats and dogs to make "their exits and entrances" at will; with lilacs hiding door-stones; an open fire defying winter's cold to make a good book's reading a sublime event, to send its warmth and glow into the heart.

NH

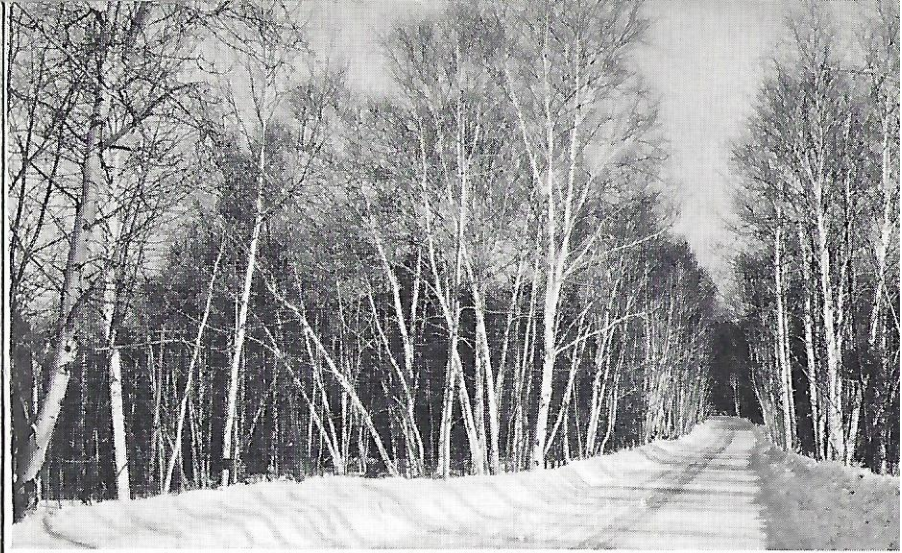
Wakefield, N. H.

Gentlemen: The following is an open letter to your fair state.

Dear Miss New Hampshire,

I have been within your boundaries for the past four months. Now I am leaving. Very soon I shall be in the Army Air Corps.

I didn't want to pack my bags and slip away without first expressing my thoughts about you. I have grown to love you. I have



Birch-lined road at Shelburne.

worked in your hay fields; climbed your mountains; swum in your lakes; and tramped through your woods and pastures; and with each new experience, I've grown to love you more. I doubt if nature puts on a more beautiful show in all the world, than I've just seen her perform in the turning of your foliage; simultaneously ringing down the curtain on a splendid summer, and ringing up the curtain on a lovely winter to come. I'm sorry I can't stay.

Thank you, Miss New Hampshire, for the wonderful time you've shown me. I don't know when I've enjoyed life so much before. After viewing your beautiful countryside, and knowing intimately your friendly, worthy inhabitants, I'm sure I now have a better understanding of what I'm going to fight for.

Paul Sanborn Brown
U. S. Army Air Corps Reserve

FRONT COVER: Kodachrome by F. W. Davis.

BACK COVER: On the John Sherburne Ski Trail, White Mountain National Forest. Photo by Winston Pote.

NH

Fish and game wardens were first chosen at Weare in 1881. The town voted to protect trout and other fish for three years. "In 1883 the wardens were instructed to carry out the fish and game laws to the letter; also to allow the removing of the pickerel from Duck pond for the purpose of introducing German carp. But in 1884 the town passed the following unique vote: 'Voted, That the fish and game warden be instructed to stay at home.' There must have been some prosecution for we find that the the town paid, in 1885, $11.94 for counsel on fish cases."

—*From History of Bedford by Little*

NH

Friendly Cheer, "a digest of optimism and encouragement," is one of the most appropriately named little magazines that come to our desk. It "endeavors to weave words and thoughts into form of cheer with rays of hope to help make life's journey easier when the road is hard and the grade steep." We are sure that our, and everyone's, good friend Editor Charles Edward Caswell of Concord, N. H., will be glad to send you a sample copy.

NH

Dr. Herbert S. Hutchinson of Milford who passed away on Thanksgiving Day at the age of 93 was the oldest practicing physician in New England and one of the oldest Dartmouth alumni. He drove his own car and called on his patients until a few weeks before his death. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1875 and had practiced in Milford and surrounding towns since 1885 — a total of 57 years.

NH

I have been a New Hampshire booster for years and the *Troubadour* has been a big help. It circulates through the office and has been the direct cause for a number of trips.

Though I never lived in New Hampshire, it has always been a tradition, and one of my early kid's books "Boy Scouts in the White Mountains," by Walter P. Eaton, made a big impression and I always wanted to repeat the boys' trips and see those places for

myself and have managed to traverse most of the territory they covered, though in broken stages. I am simply amazed at the accuracy of Eaton's descriptions, and even now like to browse through the book to recall my own struggles through the lemon squeezer and to recall my impressions while sitting on the forehead of the Old Man of the Mountains, and recalling a brief but violent sleet storm on the summit of Lafayette or jumping clouds on the skyline trail and of course spending several nights on the shores of Hermit Lake and being half frozen and well sunburned at the Summit of Washington. Thanks for the opportunity to see New Hampshire in fancy if not in fact.

—*John B. Hoyt, Moylan, Pennsylvania*

NH

Quotation from The Observer, *Milford Cabinet:*

We have a thermometer that hangs outside, on the north wall, and we suspect it of being a good average thermometer that tells the truth as well as any instrument of its kind can be expected to. But others in the family wouldn't believe that thermometer, not if it took oath on a Bible.

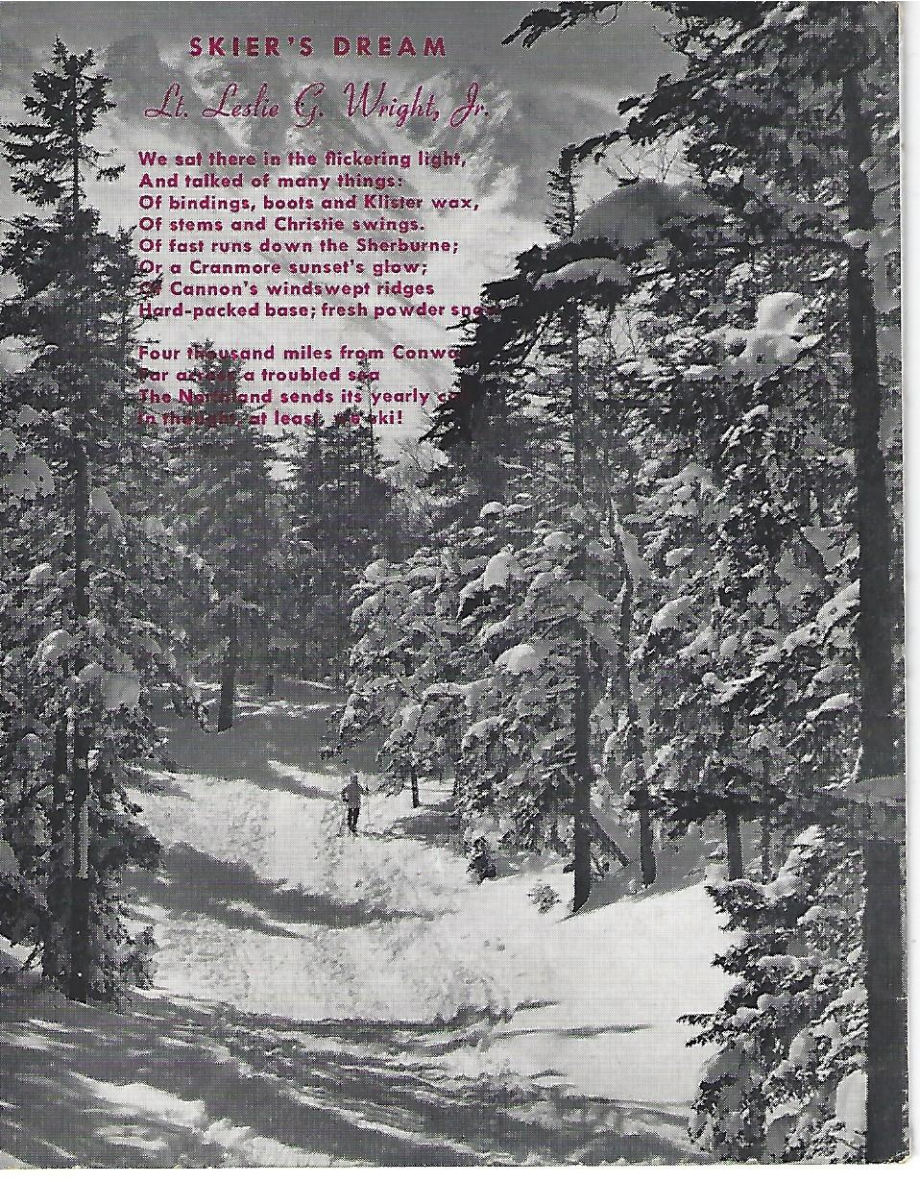
Mornings when our thermometer says 10 below zero, like last Monday, there's always somebody in the neighborhood who has a thermometer that says 14 below, or maybe 18. So that proves ours is wrong. Or if ours reads 102 some August noon it can't be right, because there is one down the street that says 107. Any woman will believe everything her children tell her, but nothing her own thermometer says. They are funny that way.

Well, Monday morning, like everybody else, we were asking "how cold is it?" And one neighbor replied "my thermometer says 35 below."

"Ya meanter say it's thutty-five below zero!" we squawked. "No," said our neighbor, "it ain't 35 below. All I said was that my thermometer says 35 below."

And then he explained that his wife was never satisfied with the accurate thermometer, because always somebody reported a colder or hotter reading. So our neighbor got an instrument with the scale out of kilter. Now when it is really 10 below his wife sees it is 35, and nobody can beat that, and she is quite contented.

(Frankly, we think he was spoofing us about his wife. We know her, and she can't be fooled that easy. But there's no doubt about the trick thermometer.)



SKIER'S DREAM

Lt. Leslie G. Wright, Jr.

We sat there in the flickering light,
And talked of many things:
Of bindings, boots and Klister wax,
Of stems and Christie swings.
Of fast runs down the Sherburne;
Or a Cranmore sunset's glow;
Of Cannon's windswept ridges
Hard-packed base; fresh powder sno

Four thousand miles from Conwa
Par across a troubled sea
The Northland sends its yearly ca
In thought, at least, to ski!